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Model M—10 h. p. Four-passenger Car - - \$950
(Described in Catalog MR)

Model K—10 h. p. Runabout - - - \$800
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"Why They Married?"

Get the book by that title and see for yourself. It's by James Montgomery Flagg and contains fifty humorous drawings and quatrains, every one of which means a hearty laugh.

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17 West 31st Street : New York City

For Sale

COUNTRY PLACE, located on Rye Neck, at Mamaroneck, Westchester County, N. Y., about five acres, having a water front of about 1,000 feet. The house is in Italian Villa style, located on a hill overlooking the Sound; entirely renovated and tastefully decorated this year; has eight bedrooms, three bathrooms, parlor, library and dining-rooms, kitchen, laundry and cellars; hardwood floors throughout; open, nickel, modern sanitary plumbing, open fireplaces, besides furnace and hot-air arrangements; running water as well as an artesian well; gas and every convenience; electric light in house and stable; telephone, etc.

Twelve-foot porches surround the house, giving one of the most beautiful views of water and landscape to be had on the Sound. The structure is most substantial and intended for both summer and winter use.

The stable and carriage-house are commodious, finished in hardwood; five single and two box stalls, two living-rooms overhead, hayloft, etc. The barnyard is arranged as a paddock for exercising horses, and is fitted with four box stalls.

The outhouses consist of a brick ice-house, greenhouses, boat-house, cow stalls, tennis court, etc.

The grounds are beautifully laid out in lawns, drives and shaded walks, all bluestoned, and abound in rare trees of all kinds, including many fruit and fir trees, several pine groves, and a great variety of flowering shrubs and vines. Large gardens. For particulars, address

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17 W. 31st St., New York

What They Think of Themselves

WHEN Edison, the great inventor, in signing his application blank for the Engineers' Club, of Philadelphia, gave as justification, "I have designed a concentrating plant and built a machine shop, etc., etc.," the "etc." covered much that an ordinary man would have been prompt to specify. When Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, during the recent debate on the Rate bill, said that he was "only a corn-field lawyer," in his modesty he consciously or unconsciously imitated Abraham Lincoln, who minimized his legal attainments once by saying, "I am only a mast-fed lawyer."

The references of Admiral Togo and General Nogi, great figures in the recent defeat of Russia by Japan, to their part in the victory invariably have been of a deprecating sort, or else have omitted entirely to claim any credit whatever for their victories. "That the army under my command succeeded in carrying out its plan of operations was due to your Majesty's virtues, to the disposition made by superiors who directed the campaign, and to the cooperation of our comrade armies," was General Nogi's way of putting it when he reported in person to the Emperor last January. Admiral Togo's reports have been of a similar tenor.

The gentle art of self-appraisal is not without its humors. When Bob Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, in a speech to a Boston audience before which he had boxed, said, "A city that has applauded a John L. Sullivan and a Daniel Webster, and encouraged a Wendell Phillips, is only repeating itself when she honors a Bob Fitzsimmons," he was serious in purpose but mirth-provoking in his grouping of men.

Following are some recent self-appraisals by men in the public eye:

"I hear people talking a great deal about me. I do not like it. It is defeating my great desire. It is not I but my cause that is of importance."

MAXIM GORKY.

"I never burlesque anything. On the contrary, it is my business to find some order and meaning in the apparently insane farce of life, as it happens higgledy-piggledy off the stage."

G. BERNARD SHAW.

"Considering things from the point of view of the public, to whom after all your books must go, is there enough to them in anything Mr. Kipling has written to justify one whole book about him?"

RUDYARD KIPLING,

To the author of a book about himself.

"It takes infinite patience and courage to compel men to have confidence in you. I believe I have both of these qualities, and I also believe that they are the secrets of my success."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

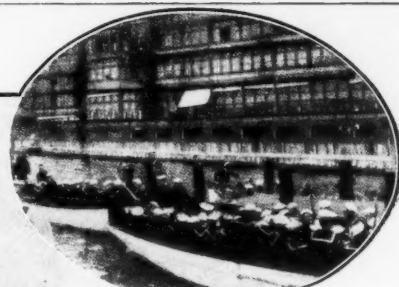
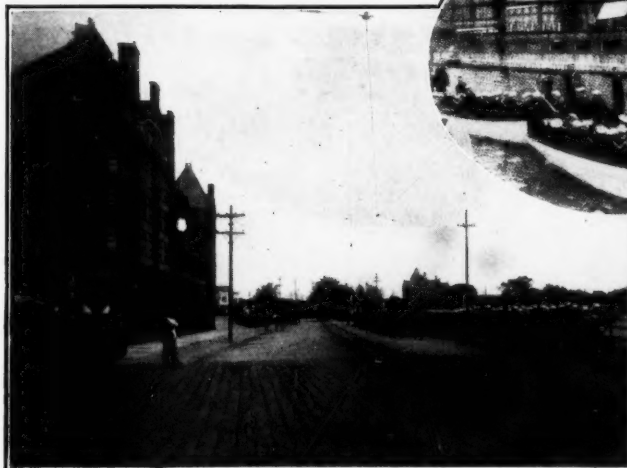
"I come from far away, and I have faith in my star. That is all. I can say no more, nor do I wish to know more."

ELEANORA DUSE.

"As I view it, the Salvation Army is one of the most remarkable combinations of human enterprise and divine passion which the world has yet witnessed. It is destined, I dare prophesy, to become the great crusade of the twentieth century."

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH,
Founder of the Salvation Army.

"I have planted the French word in the heart of foreign literature; that is the deed of which I am



The Army and Navy and the Social Life at Old Point Comfort

THE Hotel Chamberlin is located on the government reservation of Fortress Monroe, the largest military post in the country, and overlooks Hampton Roads, the rendezvous of the American Navy.

From "reveille" to "taps," from sunrise to sunset gun, life at the Chamberlin is brightened by the

picturesque features of both military and naval life, and the Hotel is the constant scene of the exchange of courtesies between officers representing both arms of the service.

Thus social life at Old Point Comfort, which centers in the Hotel Chamberlin, is enlivened by the intercourse of the military and naval services, and it is apparent that the Chamberlin is the most popular resort in this country for society folk.

In the evenings you will enjoy dancing in the Grand Ball Room.

At all these functions the girl guests receive an abundance of attention.

For, as you will always find plenty of men at Old Point, cards and time are filled to overflowing.

And here the gay uniforms of army and navy officers mingling with the beautiful costumes of the women, lend a dash of color to give the scene unique brilliancy.

By day golf links and tennis courts claim the attention of the social set.

But, very likely you will be tempted to linger about the hotel by day. Simply because there is in the atmosphere of the Hotel Chamberlin a genial glow of comforting, restful coziness.

With all its magnificence—all its splendors—this homelike feeling dominates this great hotel and distinguishes it from others in its class.

You will find that the great soft leather arm chairs in the spacious Rotunda will claim the right to comfort you. You may sun yourself in the Sun Parlor or chat with successful Americans and dignified army and navy officers in the Palm Room or one of the Drawing-Rooms.

The Hotel Chamberlin is the most magnificent resort hotel in America, with perfect appointments, a famous cuisine and every comfort and convenience.

This ideal resort has justly earned its place as "The Famous Rendezvous of the Army, the Navy and Society."

Hotel Chamberlin Fortress Monroe Virginia

New This Year A complete bathing establishment has been installed by the Chamberlin. There is a Sea Pool radiant with sunlight, filled with pure, fresh sea-water at an agreeable temperature. There are Medicinal Baths of every description—Naheim Baths, Electric Light Baths, Massage Baths, Tonic Baths. Our baths possess everything offered by the best establishments, with the additional virtues of the salts of pure sea-water, which is extensively used. Special Booklet on Baths and Bathing on request.

If you fail to find literature descriptive of the Chamberlin at the offices of the various transportation companies, write to me. I will gladly give you any desired information regarding rates, reservation of rooms, etc.

If you write me that you are coming, I shall be ready to welcome you, and every arrangement will be made for your comfort. Your room will be ready and your baggage will be taken in charge as soon as it reaches Old Point Comfort.

A pad of two hundred Score Cards for Bridge Whist for ten cents in stamps.

To J. Adams, Manager Box 74, Fortress Monroe, Va.




Forget business for three weeks—take a steamship cruise from New York to Porto Rico. Stop a day or two at interesting places

Around Porto Rico

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After W. B. Ker

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No, they're not insane; only just engaged

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most proud. . . . I am the fighting senior of an art that inspires enthusiasm, of an art that improves morals. I am the faithful priestess of poetry."

SARAH BERNHARDT.

"My only political asset is the confidence that the people have in my political sincerity."

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

"I have indeed been a servant of my countrymen, and it is the only servitude which I have known with honor."

GROVER CLEVELAND.

—Sunday Magazine.

Ingenuity Extraordinary

C. S. ROLLS, the English aeronaut and motorist, was talking in New York about the aeroplane.

"I think the Wrights will win," he said. "Santos Dumont is ingenious, but the Wrights are more ingenious still. They are as ingenious as—as a betting friend of mine."

Mr. Rolls smiled, and resumed:

"My friend, Captain Bragge, bet an athlete that he could not hop up a certain long flight of steps two at a time. The athlete took the bet, and made the trial. But there were forty-one steps to the flight, and, therefore, after making twenty hops, the man found that he had lost. He paid up, but accused Captain Bragge of sharp practice.

"Sharp practice!" said Bragge, indignantly. "Well, I'll make the same bet with you that I can do it."

"The other, expecting to win his money back, assented.

"Captain Bragge then hopped up forty steps in twenty hops, and, hopping back one, finished in the prescribed manner and won the bet."—*New York Tribune*.

The Power of Courtesy

A DELIGHTFUL little incident appeared in the *Irish Times* about a monkey and a dog:

"A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder seated upon the bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him.

"The monkey, which was attired in a jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other; but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder.

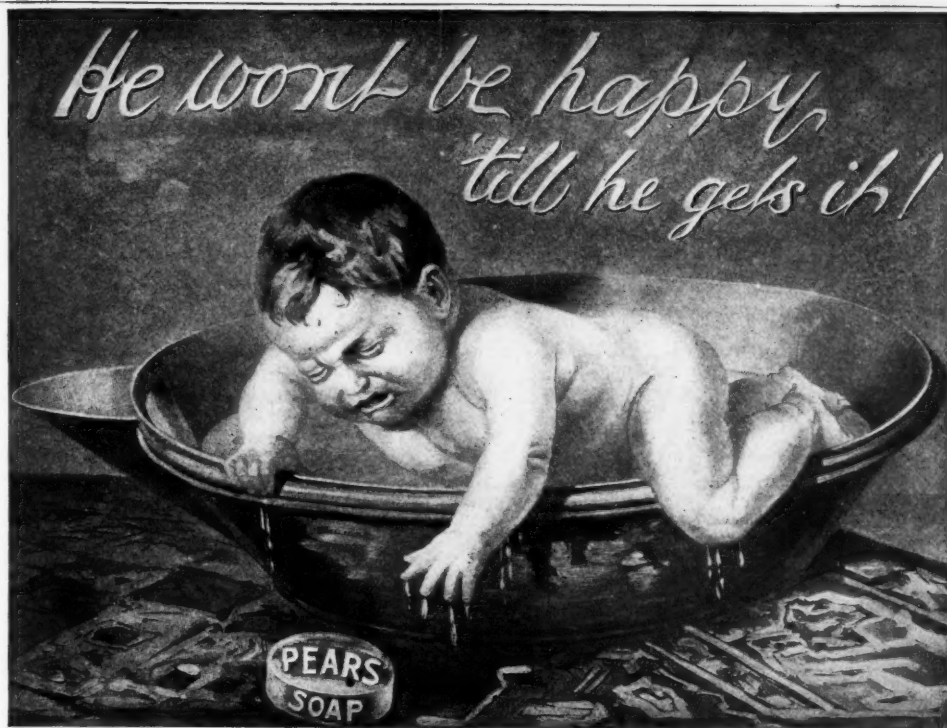
"At this critical juncture, the monkey, which had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw, and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it till he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed."

Uncertain Future

"AREN'T you going to housekeeping?" asked the friends of the swell young benedick.

"No," he replied; "I can't lease the house we wanted for less than a year, and we may be divorced in six months, you know."—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."



How Luxury Relieves Fatigue

When travelling long distances nothing is more essential to comfort than exquisite decorations—elegant woodwork and pleasing color effects in tapestries. All such detail, electric lights, periodicals, papers and the latest books make the trip to California via

The Overland Limited

a rare pleasure instead of a tiresome journey. The

**Union Pacific—
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is full of wonders. Inquire of

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WHISKEY

H. B. KIRK & CO.
SOLE BOTTLERS, NEW YORK

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Cognac

(Founded 1715)



AND

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LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

Sole Agents
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THERE is nothing so wholesome as a water cracker if it is made right. Don't confuse

Brownsville Water Crackers

the cracker that has "Brownsville" on it

with the "hard tack" kind. Brownsville Water Crackers have a flavor that tempts the appetite and a food value that satisfies it. They are as pure as they are wholesome.

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If you cannot buy these crackers of any grocer that you can reach easily, we will send ten pounds for \$1.50 or two pounds for 50c., express paid.

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Here Are Two For Sale

A twenty horse-power, 1906 model

BRAZIER

With Landaulet body

This car has been used less than six months, and is in first-class condition. Cost \$6500. Selling price, \$4000.

A forty horse-power, 1905 model

BOLLEE

With demi-Limousine body

Seating five people and the driver. This car has been used since July, 1905, but has been put in first-class condition throughout. Cost \$9000. Selling price, \$3000.

ADDRESS CHAUFFEUR

Care of LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17 West 31st St., NEW YORK

THE SILENT WAR

By JOHN AMES MITCHELL

Author of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory," "Villa Claudia," etc.

Copyright, 1906, by J. A. Mitchell.

"THE romance in 'The Silent War' dominates; absorbing enough to enable those who scorn purpose to ignore it and, on the other hand, those who scorn romance may amuse themselves with the purpose, cleverly and sanely handled."—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

"IT IS carried out with the skill and the originality so abundant in any story Mr. Mitchell writes."—*Cleveland Leader*.



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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK

LIFE



"IS THIS YOUR BARGAIN COUNTER?"

Floorwalker: YES, SIR.

"I'M LOOKING FOR MY W'FE."

"WELL, SIR, TAKE YOUR PICK."

What Is Wrong with the World?



Delegate.

"Skepticism and irreligion," pleads the Clergy.

"Dogma and unreasoned belief," retorts the Freethinker.

"Silks and the pursuit of money," complains the Apostle of the Simple Life.

"NOTHING," says the Optimist.

"Graft," writes the Muck-Raker.

"Booze," declares the Temperance Reformer.

"Trades-unionism," asserts the Employer.

"Low wages, long hours and the oppression of the working-man," announces the Walking

"Tariffs," protests the Free-Trader.

"Discontent and the love of innovation," suggests the Conservative.

"Indifference to reform," rejoins the Radical.

"Militarism," avers the Peace-Advocate.

"The growth of collectivism," claims the Individualist.

"Private ownership and the competitive system," insists the Socialist.

"Selfishness and human depravity," affirms the Moralist.

"Monopoly," shouts the Trust-Smasher.

"Landlordism and taxation of industry," asseverates the Single-Taxer.

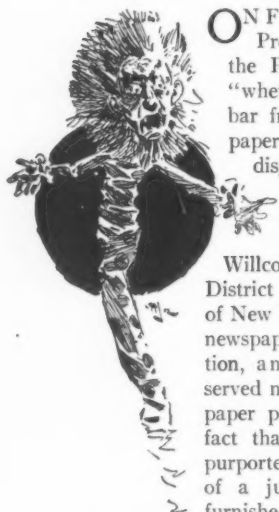
"Everything is wrong," whines the Pessimist, and the Anarchist shrieks "Amen!"

William Restelle.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. FEBRUARY 28, 1907. NO. 1270
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



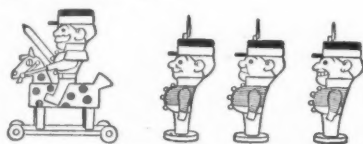
ON FEBRUARY 11 the President inquired of the Postmaster-General "whether it is feasible to bar from the mails the papers that give the full, disgusting particulars of the Thaw case." About the same time Postmaster Willcox and United States District Attorney Stimson, of New York, felt that the newspapers needed attention, and Mr. Stimson served notice on the newspaper publishers that the fact that obscene matter purported to be an account of a judicial proceeding furnished no excuse for sending it through the mails in violation of Section 3893 of the Revised Statutes.

It was of no great consequence whether the newspapers that are distributed by mail contained the full reports of the Thaw trial or not, but it was, to our mind, a matter of considerable moment to morals that the proceedings in that case should receive due publication in the city of New York. We are glad that the appalling story that was told in court on February 7 got into the hands and heads of the public here before the Federal authorities, or any one else, could interfere.

For the story, in a way, set up a standard by which to measure what average, half-way-decent people consider to be inexcusably culpable in a man about town. When the man in the street, or the man in the club or the disillusionized woman in the parlor has deprecated harsh judgment on a clever and agreeable libertine for this and that and the other reputed offense against decent living, you can say, now: "If you believed the story told at the Thaw trial to be true, would you consider the conduct of the man in that case to be worthy of serious reprobation? If not, is there any conceivable offense against a girl or a woman

which you would not condone in a man of brains and power and position?"

For our part we are tired of so much exculpation as we have heard in the last six months of abhorrent manias and offenses the existence of which the exculpators half admit. Charity is a noble virtue. It is no more than just to recognize as a mania the impulse of a monomaniac, atrocious as its results may be. But the systematic palliation of crime in the interest of rotten reputations is not safe. Of gentlemen who are merely disreputable we do well, no doubt, to be tolerant, but when reputations come to be infamous there ought to be some means of tagging them and putting them outside the bounds of half-way-decent society. That can be done in a court of law, but it is the rarest and most difficult thing in the world to bring an infamous reputation into court. Such a story as was told in the Thaw trial comes out only under stress of circumstances such as no one in his senses, or hers, would deliberately attempt to contrive. The more reason why, when such a story has been told, it should reach the ears of the public, that there should be some limit set to the bounds of excuse.



AN ADDRESS made at the Cooper Union the other day by Colonel Larned, of West Point, showed in the lecturer's mind a condition of deep discouragement about the work of the colleges as compared with that of the West Point Military Academy. The reports of his address are incomplete and may do him injustice, but he seems to have said that whereas education as pursued at West Point systematically develops mind, body and character, the average college student, "after desultory attendance at the various institutions for teaching from books," may graduate without acquiring any considerable advantage in mind, body or character. His apprenticeship to learning, says Colonel Larned, has "of persistent purpose in no way trained him to any unselfish devotion to the interests of the State or of society." He has been "left as an undergraduate to do as he pleases, and is taught to act in after life upon the same principle."

There is no doubt that West Point is a remarkable school and does extraordinarily well with the mixed human material that it has to deal with. Its opportunities, in a way, are unmatched. It undertakes one thing—to make soldiers, and it makes them, eliminating in the process all the material that the process does not suit. It is a Procrustean place, but a great school that turns out disciplined youths of remarkably high average quality.



IT IS true that a lazy lad can get through some of the colleges without very much apparent profit, but even in so far as it is true, as Colonel Larned says, that the college student "is left as an undergraduate to do as he pleases, and is taught to act in after life on the same principle," that does not necessarily condemn the system it describes. An education that really qualifies a youth to do as he pleases is the most successful education possible. The only choice of action we have is whether we shall do what we please or what some one else pleases. So much the better for us if what pleases us is the best worth doing. "West Point's motive force is coercive," says Colonel Larned. Exactly. Soldiers can be made, no doubt, in no other way. But the force of our great colleges is not, and should not be, coercive. The colleges invite; they offer. They exact, to be sure, a certain necessary minimum of performance and deportment. But it rests in great measure with the individual student to say what opportunities he will choose and to what extent he will improve them. Any one who imagines that college lads as a rule do not make pretty good use of their opportunities makes a mistake.

In the new West Point graduate you have a youth trained to obey and adjusted to the requirements of a rigid system. He is a disciplined, and usually a valuable, man. In the new college graduate who has profited by his opportunities, you have a youth trained to liberty, inured to freedom, taught to make his own choices, shape the details of his own conduct and be responsible for the event. His training is valuable also. The man who does not have it first or last does not come to the full stature of manhood.



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February



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TELEPHONE THEIR COMPLAINTS
DIRECT.



INTERNATIONAL VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS.



STILL ANOTHER MEDAL
FOR MELBA.



NOT SO BIG AS IT'S TAINTED.




ANOTHER DISAGREEMENT



CONVICTS IN UTAH LOANED TO DENTAL STUDENTS

My Typographical Girl

LIKE *** her eyes are gleaming,
How taper is her !
No, to my dreaming
Of her could I withstand!

Her manner is quite ———ing,
Without a ———;
Her figure is quite "smashing,"
She is my nonpareil.

In Love's tergiversation
She plays a coquette's part;
In sweet ?
She ever keeps my heart.

'Twould almost drive me frantic,
Quite parenthetically,
Some day if this *Roman* tic
Maid set her *Cap* for me.

Tom Masson

The Gentleman of the Old School

WHENEVER some public character, town celebrity or eccentric old bachelor dresses in archaic garb, preferably in a blue coat with bob tails and brass buttons, and trousers cut with a circular saw, he is alluded to by the discerning and discriminating editor of the local paper as a Gentleman of the Old School. If he have the massive dignity and austerity of an imported butler, the mingled hauteur and benignity of a head waiter and the suavity and condescension

of a floorwalker, united with a ponderous Daniel Webster way of addressing his fellow-citizens, his niche in the Old School is secure; and should his esthetic and decorative genius impel him to add a ruffled shirt and a gold-headed cane to his antique equipment, small boys will view him with awe from afar and fine ladies will thrill under his expansive courtesy. When this impressive social figure flourishes a red bandanna and blows his nose with the vigor and resonance of a Sousa band trombone, even policemen will bow to him and the press quote with reverence his fabulous stories of rain-storms, snow-storms, hot waves and other meteorological phenomena of a misty past.

The Old School to which the Gentleman belongs is very seldom indicated; it existed in some vague period anterior to the present. When men were models of courage and courtesy and women were brave and beautiful; an age when race suicide was unknown and heroes were as numerous and attractive as Boston poets. From the frequent allusions to Sir Charles Grandison and Lord Chesterfield the eighteenth century must have been this Age of Perfection, with a slight slop over into the early nineteenth.

While the gentlemen of this golden age wore swords and small-clothes and wigs and coats of many colors, and the age must have looked like a magnified historical drama of the Frohman school, minus the nose and the box-office, it must be admitted the period had its drawbacks. Bathtubs and open plumbing did not disturb the domestic harmony of the age; pomades, powders and perfumes were popular since soap was under suspicion; language and liquor were fiery and strong; medicine was as dogmatic and deadly as Christian Science; the sword was mightier than the pen; political plunder was the privilege of polite society; patriots were proud to have a country to sell; Marlborough made money and Pitt had his price; the popularity of foot-paddery and highway robbery made frenzied finance a nonessential; piracy was the handmaid of commerce; and blows and boot-jacks were easier to collect than bills.

It was a glorious age and one calculated to inspire the orator and poet and produce Gentlemen of the Old School. It was an age devoid of flats, hygiene,



"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE" (LIVES)

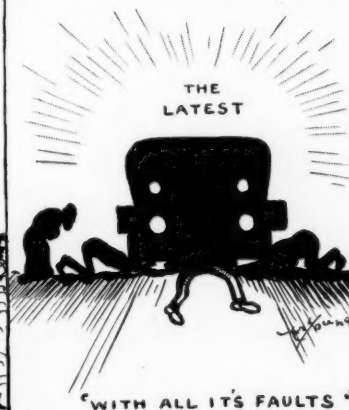
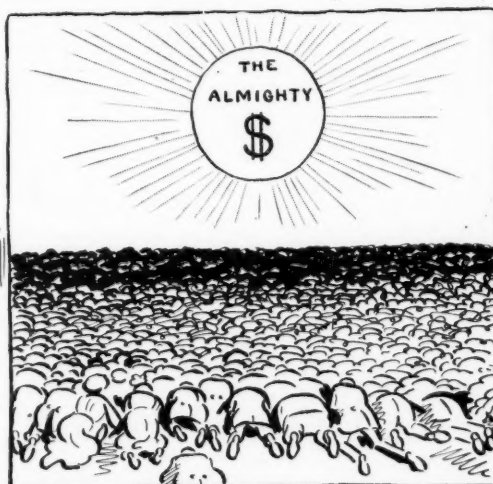
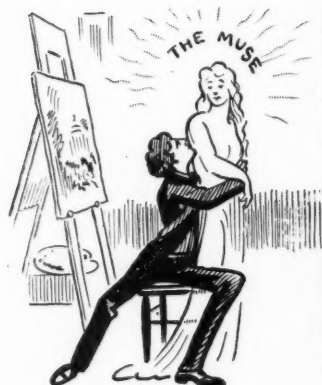
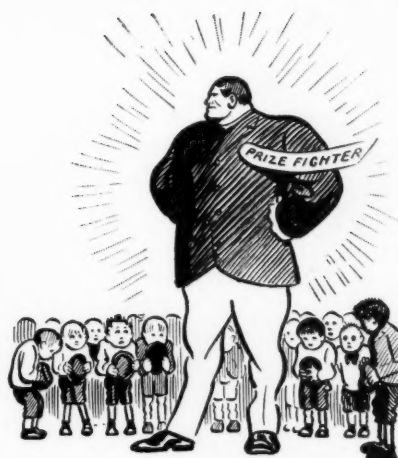


HE WANTED A HORSEBACK RIDE.
SAID THIS MAN WITH EXCUSABLE SPLEEN,
"AT TWO DOLLARS AN HOUR I'M NOT KEEN
TO PAV, I DECLARE,
FOR TIME SPENT IN AIR—
I'M NOT HIRING A FLYING MACHINE."

reform, hot air and breakfast foods; an age when kings and nobles were not ashamed to belong to the Great Unwashed. When we sit in our steam-heated rooms in the nipping days of winter, bathed, barbered, befuddled and blasé, reading in some glowing historical novel of the Good Old Days, we have lucid intervals when we marvel how the heroic gentlemen of the golden age escaped pneumonia and delirium tremens; we question whether plain politeness and clean linen are less picturesque than fine manners and foul feathers; and we wonder vaguely when the eccentric Gentleman of the Old School we meet on the streets will be chased into a lunatic asylum by rude cops and unsympathetic alienists. *Joseph Smith.*

Query

Is there a man in this broad land
Who never to a friend has said:
"Old man, I have a remedy
That'll cure that cold in your head?"



WORSHIP

The Foundations of Faith



THE cheering news that the world is to be evangelized in twenty-five years, "or, at the longest, within a generation," has been announced by a Philadelphia newspaper, and has brought sincere pleasure to many hearts. After nearly twenty centuries of partial failure, the "Laymen's Missionary Movement" is at last to register a complete success by the employment of intelligent and representative methods. The whole scheme is to rest on a sound financial basis. "Money," we are assured, "will not be spared," and what cannot money do? "Several millionaires and scores of prominent business men are interested," and to millionaires and prominent business men Heaven is not likely to refuse its aid. "Wealthy laymen will devote a portion of their time, while traveling next year, to the concerns of Christianity," and wealth has never failed to spiritualize the aspiring

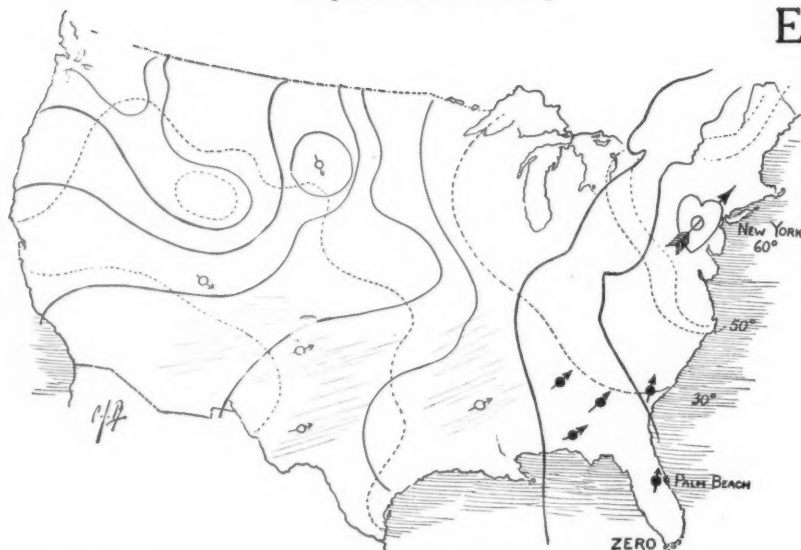
human soul. "Influential Philadelphians" have given a dinner at a prominent hotel to set the matter going, and it has always been through the medium of dinners that the world has been converted to light.

The records of history show how full of promise is this businesslike scheme of evangelization. It was the assured wealth, the sound financial standing of the Apostles which gave them their astonishing success; and every great religious movement the world has witnessed since has rested on the same secure foundation. The acute business sense, the admirable acquisitiveness of St. Francis of Assisi quickened the hearts of men. Charles Wesley was enabled by the aid of millionaires and public dinners to evangelize the length and breadth of England. There can be no reasonable doubt that the "Laymen's Missionary Movement," if strongly financed, will at least, as its stockholders claim, give to the people of all lands "an opportunity of knowing what Christianity stands for."

It will, alas! It will.

Agnes Repplier.

Cupid's Weather Map



IF GLADYS had sent me no message,
Or the mail from Palm Beach met mis-
hap,
Though I lacked premonition or presage
Or courage the wires to tap,
I am sure I could learn when she planned
her return
From one look at the weather man's map.

You'll notice, no matter in what light
These loops and festoons you may view,
Wherever she moves, like a spot-light,
A zone of fair weather moves, too.
The breezes of May will be blowing her way
When our ears and our fingers are blue.

One sunshiny patch, set off clearly
In a country with rain-clouds all black,
To-day travels northward or nearly,
While a blizzard descends in its track.
Can I possibly err if from this I infer
That Gladys is on her way back?

No; the stupid old map of the weather
Tells the news in its tiniest line.
The isotherms nestle together,
The isobars tenderly twine,
While the forecast they print bears so rosy a
tint
It well might be Cupid's—or mine.
Philip Loring Allen.

A Mean Spirit



THERE has, from time immemorial, been a disposition to criticize the habits of the very rich, on the ground that they permit themselves too many pleasures. There is popularly supposed to be a kind of unseemliness in the spectacle of a plutocrat indulging himself in steam yachts, private cars and golf links, summer camps and so forth.

In reality this shows a mean spirit toward the very rich. Why, indeed, should we grudge them the few pleasures they have, when there are so many that they cannot buy?

Certain brands of friendship, or a good digestion, or hard-working and conscien-

tious children, cannot be obtained by the very rich. Instead, they have to content themselves with all the cheaper things that money can buy.

Let them therefore enjoy themselves in their small way. They deserve to be made happy over trifles, assuming that they always have the necessary capacity.

Doubtful Progress

OUR ancestors said, "God save the king!" and bowed their heads.

But we say, "Damn the Standard Oil crowd!" and look very fierce and cocky and disrespectful.

To such a degree has democracy affected the sentiments of the ruled toward their rulers. Is mankind the better for having such a grouch against the inevitable?

Our Ad Column

ECONOMICAL WIVES WANTED—Only those need apply who can go through a department store on Monday without buying anything. Ladies who can keep books, check up bills and audit accounts, and yet retain their beauty and sentiment.

STATESMEN—Gentlemen with moderate incomes and fair average ability can find useful employment. Apply at the Capitol, Washington, 9-5. No references required. Applicants must be able to read and write, and have a working knowledge of Wall Street quotations. Easy hours and a full dinner-pail.

TO MUCK-RAKERS—Those who have been making a livelihood at muck-raking and wish new work in other lines can be accommodated on farms. Good hands in great demand. Hours from 2 A.M. to 1 P.M. A relief from literary work.

LOST—Somewhere along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, a reputation. It was done up in a safe-deposit envelope and badly damaged. Of no use to any one else but me. No reward. Finder will receive thanks on return.

NOVEL HANDS WANTED—To write on forthcoming books. Plot-makers will be paid extra wages. Conversation experts can get permanent positions. Apply to Typos & Skinner, Publishers.

BRIGGS: Are you fully recovered from your last operation?

GRIGGS: No—I have still several notes to pay.

Proverb for a Dachshund.

ALL'S well that ends well.



FOREWARNED IS FOUR-ARMED

Show Mercy to Cancer Patients

A WOMAN has been arrested in New York on the charge of administering poison to her mother, who was slowly dying in great suffering of cancer. The case, it seems, was absolutely hopeless, the patient's sufferings were dreadful and she begged to be released from them.

If the facts are as represented, and as we have stated them, and if it is true, as charged, that the patient's daughter helped her tortured mother out of the world, the case seems an excellent one for the District Attorney's office to overlook. For the daughter, if she is to be credited with the action charged, under the circumstances stated, did only what love would naturally have prompted and courage would have risked. The doctor should have seen to it that the patient did not suffer useless agonies, and if the doctor would not interfere, it was a mercy if there was some one else at hand who did.

There is no sort of sense in letting cancer patients drag out their last days in excruciating torment. When surgery has done everything possible, and nothing remains except to wait while the gnawing sore slowly eats the patient's life away, every motive of humanity demands that the process shall be stopped when patient

and physician agree that there is no reason for its continuance.

The Roman soldiers, when they thought the two thieves who were crucified with Christ had suffered long enough, mercifully broke their bones and set their spirits free. At least as much mercy as that is due to cancer patients. As long as it is necessary to brave the law in order to show such mercy, there will be courageous spirits who will brave it.

Immaterial

"DID Perkins die a natural death?"
"Oh, yes. But I can't remember now whether he was murdered, killed in a railroad accident or hit by an automobile."

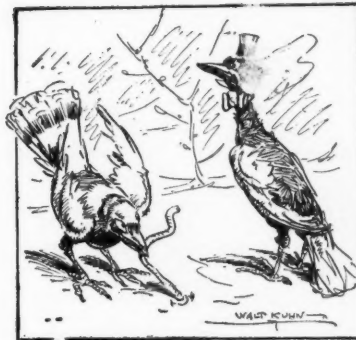
THE attention of the S. P. C. A. is respectfully called to the following:

No milk can be sold in Boston that is shown to contain over 15,000 germs to the cubic centimetre.

Why stop at 15,000? Why this unjust discrimination against 20,000 or 30,000 or 50,000? Why should 5,000 or 10,000 or 20,000 helpless, defenseless little germs be heartlessly prevented from making an honest living, while a paltry 15,000 are regarded as a privileged class, entitled to feed in pampered luxury?



"GOOD HEAVENS, ALONZO! HAVE YOU HAD A FIT?"
"NO, MY DEAR; BUT AT LAST I HAVE CAPTURED A SPECIMEN OF THE UMBILIPTERUS, THE ONLY BUG NEEDED TO COMPLETE MY CASE OF THE LOPTEOPLERA."



"COME AND SHARE THIS WORM WITH ME."
"WHY, WILLIAM BIRD! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S LENT?"

The Majesty of the Law*

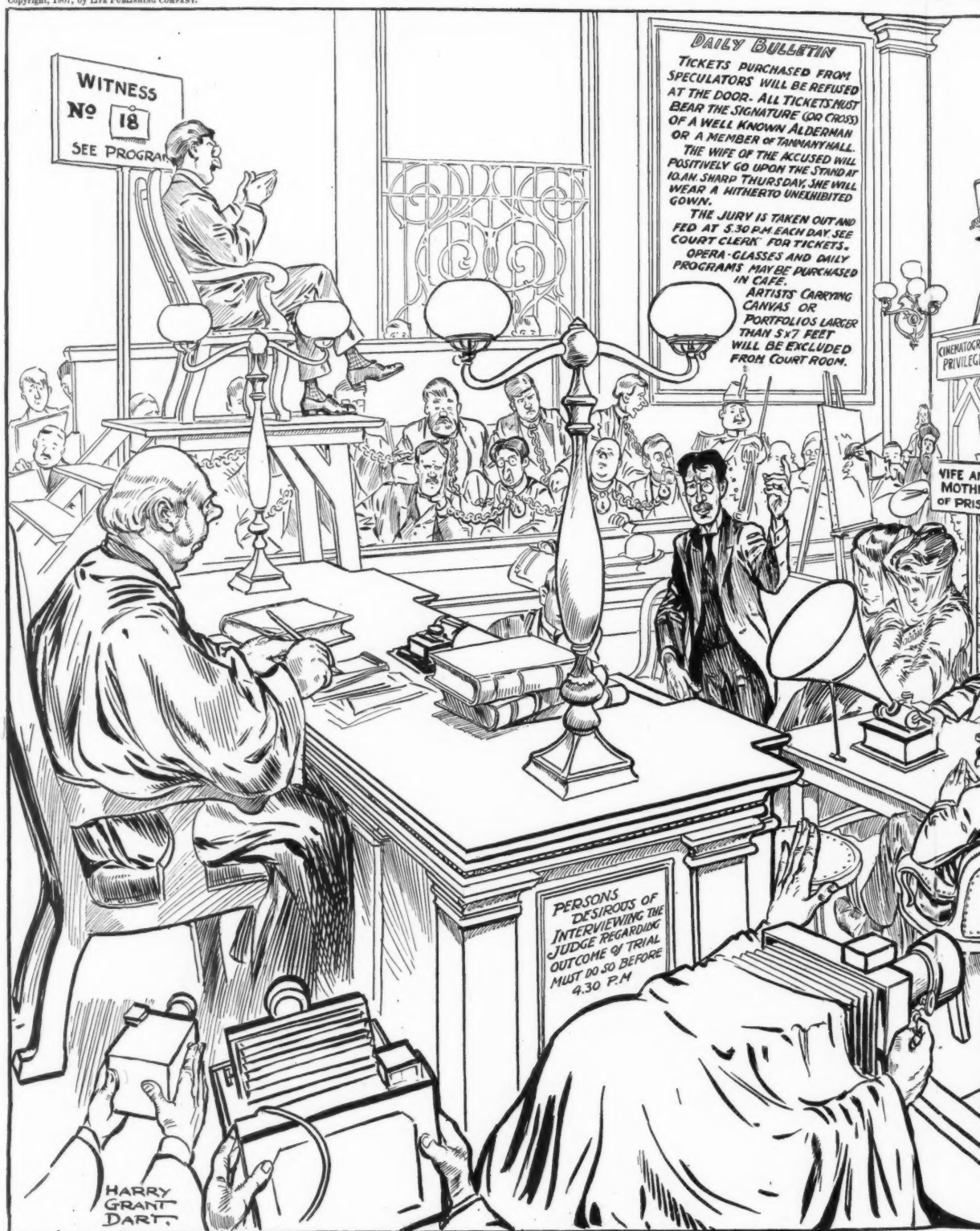
EMINENT DISTRICT ATTORNEY (after short adjournment): Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury—I am requested by certain members of the press to apologize in their behalf for the poor pictorial showing made in some of the morning issues of their respective papers. For instance, what appeared to be a violent rain storm in the hitherto unpublished picture of the prisoner's mother printed on the first page of this morning's *Screech*, was in reality a good portrait of the whiskers belonging to Professor Heinrich Highbrow, of Heidelberg University, who inadvertently got in front of the camera operated by one of that paper's special staff photographers on the spot. And what was mistaken by some to be a vivid pictorial impression of the most recent fatal wreck on the B. R. T., taken by moonlight, was a snapshot of the jury photographer taken through the shirt-bosom of Court Officer Mulligan, who was holding one end of the camera and who neglected to get out of the way when the button was pressed. These gentlemen desire me to state that they fully appreciate the efforts made by the Court to furnish them every privilege and promise that no mistakes of this nature will again occur.

Now that the author of "Three Years in the Death House" has arrived, and the Western Union wires have been mended and are again in working order, with your Honor's permission we will resume.

A MATHEMATICIAN—A figure-head.
Blood-relations—War stories.

*See cartoon, pages 306-7.

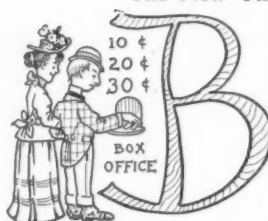
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The New Theatre—A Little More Comic Opera



BEFORE us lies the prospectus of the New Theatre Company, inviting subscriptions of \$3,750 each for the right in perpetuity to occupy an orchestra chair two evenings a week at the performances in the playhouse soon to be built in Central Park West.

The prospectus states that the New Theatre is to be "devoted to the cause of art only, and not in any way to the cause of profit." In this ambition the enterprise commends itself

to LIFE, as it must to every person who believes in the tremendous educational value of the stage at its best. Unfortunately, other statements in the prospectus nullify this important one. In the first place, the enterprise, as a dramatic institution, is to be handicapped with a light opera attachment. It is apparent, of course, that the musical sideshow is added as an appeal to the fashionable element, which contributes so largely to the support of the Metropolitan Opera House. As a money-attracting feature this is undoubtedly a wise inclusion in the plan of the promoters, although they expressly state that money-making is not contemplated in their policy. The light opera adjunct certainly cannot be expected to aid in the perfection of the art of the drama, as this purpose in itself will tax all the artistic energy and resourcefulness that can be commanded for the enterprise. To divide the interest of those who direct its destinies, to attempt two accomplishments where the success of one is tremendously difficult, seems to imperil the artistic future of the undertaking.

The most serious flaw in the plan, from the point of view of those who are looking only at the artistic and educational side of the venture, is that, like the theatres already in existence, this one will depend for its support on its ability to attract paying audiences. It will have to cater to the taste of the same theatregoers who support the frankly commercial theatres. The plan of the New Theatre contemplates a mortgage and admits the existence of \$250,000 on which it is expected to pay dividends of 5 per cent. Evidently, then, the money subscribed for its boxes and that asked for in the present circular to pay for seats is to be used to pay part of the cost of the land and building. The running expenses of the house and the cost of management, productions and the two companies, dramatic and operatic, will have to come from the box-office receipts. For two evenings a week these receipts will be practically nothing, for the house will be made up for the most part of those who have bought their boxes and seats by their contributions to part of the building fund. This brings the New Theatre right down to the level of other New York theatres, perhaps even to a worse pass, because the management will be handicapped by the caprices of its part owners in addition to the usual difficulties of attracting the general public.

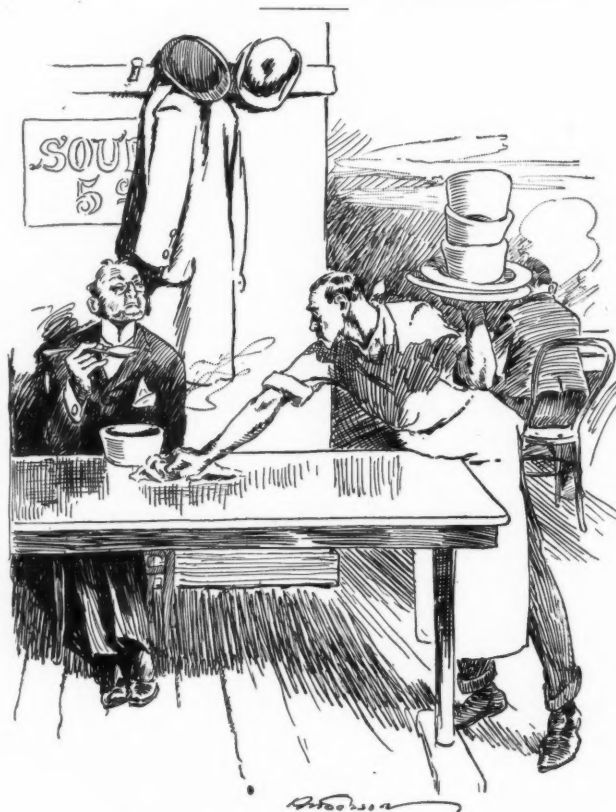
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THE history of theatres which have been built on the basis of outright ownership of boxes and seats has not been such as to promise success for the New Theatre. Managers have found financial success impossible with their income cut down by the vested rights of the owners. The ultimate result has been the extinction of those rights by foreclosure or otherwise, bringing

such theatres down to a purely commercial basis. The New Theatre, however, is fathered by an imposing list of wealthy gentlemen, who may be expected to see the enterprise through, no matter what the cost. Having once lent their names to the enterprise, they cannot afford to let it fail.

This brings the New Theatre very near to the plan supported by LIFE and other advocates of a national theatre. This was a sufficiently large endowment to assure the theatre of a continued existence until it could make its perfections felt and justify its existence and public patronage by its value as an educational institution and the absolute artistic completeness of everything it undertook. The endowment needed, this based on careful and expert estimates, was fixed at six million dollars. On the basis of the present real estate investment of the New Theatre the amount eventually needed to be contributed by its supporters to perpetuate the institution will be between seven and eight million dollars. Of course, this is not a great amount when one considers the resources of the wealthy gentlemen back of the enterprise, but it seems too bad that it could not have been contributed at once to save the necessity of a light opera distraction from the main idea, and also to obviate financial difficulties which it seems likely the enterprise will have to go through before it shall be transformed into the ideal national theatre.

LIFE has found several things to criticise in the propagation of this enterprise. The silly announcements made in the beginning that "a committee of fashionable ladies" was to determine who should and who should not occupy its boxes seemed a trifle absurd in view of its claims as a protector of dramatic art. The



Slummer: YOU MAY BRING ME A NAPKIN, WAITER.
Waiter: G'WAN, DERE'S A FELLAH USIN' IT.



MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING

selection of a foreigner and foreign assistants to manage and fix the artistic standards of the drama in English appeared to be absolutely humorous. All these things may eventually right themselves, and one thing is certain, that if the New Theatre doesn't accomplish anything in the way of raising standards it can't do much to lower them. LIFE certainly wishes the New Theatre success in improving conditions.

* * *

"ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY" isn't as bad as it sounds. This, however, mustn't be taken for unqualified praise. A play might be very bad indeed and yet better than such a title. Its explanation is laboriously brought out in the play itself by constant calling of attention to the fact that the heroine is an impulsive Irish girl whose plans are conceived all of a sudden and carried out in the same way. Miss Henrietta Crosman assumes this rôle and contributes to it a large amount of vivacity and nervous energy. The playwright in the present instance does not give her great opportunity to display improvement in her art or great advancement on her previous accomplishments. The piece has a few bright moments and an occasional clever line, but its plot is webby enough to have been the product of some of the spiders who figure so prominently in its dialogue. A refreshing bit of work was Mr. Frank Gillmore's impersonation of the hero, *The Hon. Jimmy Keppel*. Mr. Gillmore has a manliness and ease of carriage and delivery rather exceptional among our leading juveniles.

Miss Crosman has had far better vehicles for her abilities than the imported "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy."

* * *

THE old proverb about "bringing coals to Newcastle" may well be supplanted by "producing a musical comedy on Broadway." This time Mr. Frank Daniels is the comedian and the material, under the title of "The Tattooed Man," is supplied by the old, reliable firm composed of Mr. Harry B. Smith and Mr. Victor Herbert. The book also claims Mr. A. N. C. Fowler as part author. The demerit total is good of its

kind, although it marks no revolution in comic opera methods as they have been applied over and over and over again. The same oriental settings, varied in detail; the same general run of characters, much the same plot, lines and lyrics and Mr. Herbert's always agreeable music, this time rising to no superior heights. Mr. Daniels's ways of creating merriment have been mellowed and refined somewhat, and, therefore, improved.

In its entirety "The Tattooed Man" ranks well up among the musical plays in fun, music and brilliancy of production.

* * *



MR. LOUIS MANN has deserted the legitimate stage to return to musical comedy. In view of the overabundance of this form of entertainment it would seem that Mr. Mann could find a more exclusive field for his abilities in the other line of work. In "The White Hen," at the Casino, he is given few fun-making opportunities; in fact, the book is very little funny, its chief merit resting on some of its lyrics. These were admirably sung when they fell to the lot of Louise Gunning and Lotta Faust. The former comes nearer being a real comic opera prima donna than any of that ilk heard here in many moons. She has a well-trained, unusually sweet voice which she uses with excellent discretion. Lotta Faust also sings well and has an extremely attractive personality. Her song "Smile" is tuneful and its words mean something. Mr. Kerker's score is bright and melodious.

One young woman in the chorus achieved enough notice to bring her name from the obscurity which surrounds the stage individuality of those who appear in the usual platoons of four, six or eight, as the case may be. Her name is Patsey Mitchell. Instead of making herself like all the others in her particular bunch, she attempted and succeeded in some individual work in the way of grimacing and contorting. This was so unusual in surroundings where each

chorus girl is supposed to do the same things as her sisters that every one in the audience imagined that a new genius had been discovered. This brings the name of Patsey Mitchell to the fore, will probably result in her promotion to a higher sphere of action, but oh, me! oh, my! what a nice time the stage managers are going to have keeping all the other chorus girls from trying the same thing.

"The White Hen" is pretty enough, musically, to be a better-than-usual musical comedy when it is whipped into shape.

Metcalfe



Academy of Music—"Ben Hur." Religious and spectacular.

Astor—"Genesee of the Hills." Border melodrama with garrison love story.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho." Beautifully staged and unusually well-acted drama of the days when California was passing from Mexican to American rule.

Berkeley Lyceum—"The Reckoning." Rather interesting little drama from the Austrian. Well acted.

Bijou—Henrietta Crosman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." See above.

Casino—Mr. Louis Mann in "The Girl from Vienna." See above.

Criterion—Mr. Frank Daniels in "The Tattooed Man." See above.

Empire—"Captain Jinks," with Ethel Barrymore as the star. Light but amusing comedy of New York in the early seventies.

Garden—Ben Greet's Players. Notice later.

Garrick—"Caught in the Rain" (not "Caught in the Raid"). Laughable, farcical comedy with Mr. William Collier as the star.

Hackett—"The Chorus Lady," with Rose Stahl in the title part. Amusing study of contemporary manners and morals.

Herald Square—"The Road to Yesterday." Interesting dream-play well done.

Hippodrome—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Gorgeous spectacle, brilliant ballet and Wild West with circus.

Lincoln Square—Weekly change of bill.

Lyric—Mr. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in repertoire.

Madison Square—"The Three of Us." Extremely clever American drama well interpreted by Carlotta Nilsson and able company.

Majestic—"On Parole."

Manhattan—Mr. Jefferson De Angelis in "The Girl and the Governor." Comic opera with some clever musical numbers well sung.

Princess—"The Great Divide." Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller heading a good cast in interesting American play.

Weber's—Double bill composed of "The Dream City" and "The Magic Knight." Funny and musical.



IN HER new novel, *By the Light of the Soul*, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman has touched the goal of a completed and consistent self-expression toward which she has for some time been conscientiously and most interestedly advancing. This goal, this final form in which she was to "find herself" and mold her serious fiction, was plainly visible in the first half of *The Debtor*. It was left unreached, however, because the author's sense of selection, so all-important to her method of cumulative insistence upon simple things and a single theme, failed her and allowed the gathering force of her story to dissipate itself on unessentials. But it has not failed her in the present narrative. This also deals with comparatively commonplace characters in New Jersey and New England and is too intimate and too outwardly uneventful a history to be outlined here; but it is written with complete mastery of intention and with growing mastery of method and it fulfils the first great requisite of true fiction, in that it leaves us a step or two nearer to a comprehension of our fellow men.

The third volume of Henry Charles Lea's *A History of the Inquisition of Spain* (a work which presents with comprehensive grasp and in most satisfying form the results of extended original research among the Roman and Spanish archives) is, from the standpoint of the general reader, perhaps the most interesting yet issued. This is due to the fact that it deals directly and in detail with the visible methods and actual victims of the Holy Office; with the forms of torture, the procedure of trials, the method of punishment and, later in the book, with the spheres of action of the Inquisition, its attitude toward the Jews, the Moors, the Protestants and the censorship.

The Corner House is a detective story by Fred M. White, the first chapters of which suggest a cotton plush society romance for kitchen consumption. Later on it settles down to circumstantial evidence and the intrigues of a jealous adventuress, and beyond the fact that it is what is called "full of action"—that is that some one is murdered or foiled or discovered every few pages—it is comparatively unobjectionable.

General Horace Porter's memoirs of the Civil War, published some years ago as a subscription book, has just appeared in a regular edition and will doubtless find numerous readers among those who are teetotalers in the matter of book-agents'

books. *Campaigning with Grant* is a very readable and, since its chief aim is a close portrait of Grant as seen by one of his own staff, an untechnical narrative. It covers the period from Grant's appointment to supreme command in 1863 to the close of the war.

H. B. Marriott Watson's new story, *The Privateers*, is a specimen of what one may perhaps be allowed to designate as galvanic fiction. You pick it up, like the silvered handles at a county fair, and, while Mr. Watson turns the crank, take as long a shock as your mental constitution will bear. Two desperate American financiers fighting for the custody of an English heiress are the elements in the battery of excitement, and the current of abduction, gun-play and piracy first stimulates and then paralyzes the imagination.

F. Berkeley Smith's *In London Town* is a book about London and the Londoners by an American who swears by Paris and the Parisians. The result, although frequently a good likeness, can scarcely be called a sympathetic picture. There is, too, another reason for this, and a very evident difference between this fourth of Mr. Smith's books and his first and second volumes about Paris. Then, he wrote because he was full of his subject. Here, he has filled up on his subject in order to write. He has done it well, but it is not the same.

J. B. Kerfoot.

By the Light of the Soul, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

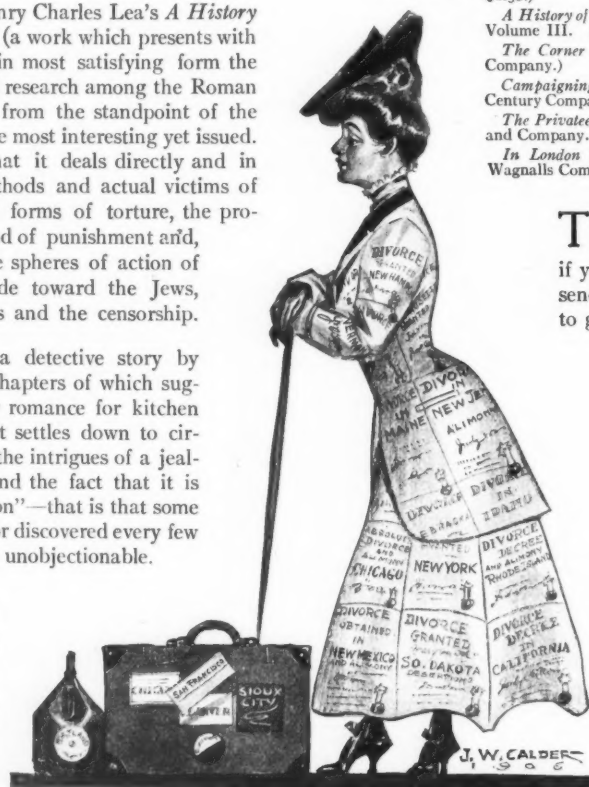
A History of the Inquisition of Spain, by Henry Charles Lea. Volume III. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.)

The Corner House, by Fred M. White. (R. F. Fenno and Company.)

Campaigning with Grant, by General Horace Porter. (The Century Company.)

The Privateers, by H. B. Marriott Watson. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

In London Town, by F. Berkeley Smith. (The Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.)



HER DIVORCE SUIT

TO SEND flowers to a girl—a whole lot of them, even—is delightful, but if you had so many flowers you had to send them in carload lots it would begin to get commercial and wearisome.

There is probably a spell between the time one has given away about five million and the time he has given a hundred million when giving gets to seem a weary job. Later, perhaps, a persistent giver may get his second wind and go on with some zest. Possibly that has happened to Uncle John. He has passed the hundred-million mark now, and is going pretty strong.

"MISS SMITH has written a problem novel, hasn't she?"

"Yes."

"What is the problem?"

"How to make it sell."



CLEANING AN OLD MASTER IN AN AMERICAN MUSEUM OF ART
(An artist's dream after attending a black-coffee dinner)

Much Ado About Nothing



HIS ring, my love, you'll comprehend,
Is like my love—it hath no end.
Ah, yes, she said, with smile so winning—
And like mine, too, with no beginning.

Our Little Paupers

ONE cold day during the Christmas holiday week a small boy accosted a good woman, who was about to enter the door of her home. The urchin held out a card that read somewhat as follows: "Christmas has brought you many joys, So don't forget the little newsboys." After reading the verse the good woman, who was also a mother, looked indignantly at the urchin. "If I had a thousand dollars in my hand I wouldn't give you five cents!" she announced.

"Why?" asked the boy.

"Because," responded the irate citizeness, "you are begging, and if I gave you anything it would pauperize you!"

A horrified look came over the boy's face, and he faded out of sight immediately.

Now, the point that is disturbing my mind in regard to this true story in no way concerns the good intention of the woman, but it does concern her consistency. When her own boy says, "Mamma, give me a nickel," does she feel the same fear of pauperizing her son? Why not? Surely not because her own boy needs money for luxuries and the other for necessities! What is her point of view? Is her child privileged to ask for what he wants and the less fortunate child not so privileged? That would be the height of injustice.

Has every child the right to be a pauper? I firmly believe so! Until he has education enough to fit him to take his

place in the world he has a right to food, clothes, warmth, care in sickness and health; and if he has not all these things without the asking, he should have the right to go into the street and hold up the passing citizen for the share of the good things of life that has been wrongfully withheld from him.

Louise Beecher Chancellor.

THE HABERDASHER thinks that the next time the frock coat goes out of fashion it will stay gone, and all tailed coats in due time will follow it. Tailed coats, *The Haberdasher* says, belonged to the time when men wore swords, as witness the two surviving sword-belt buttons on the back of every tailed coat. But now they are really obsolete, and some day men will find it out and abolish them.

Maybe so, but we guess not. The frock coat will stay as long as men continue to pass the plate in city churches.



PERVERTED PROVERBS

In onion there is strength.
Sweats are the juices of adversity.
Cosmetics cover a multitude of skins.
A soft director turneth away graft.
Hell hath no fury like a woman's corn.
A wise boss maketh a glad party.
A fat rebate is rather to be chosen than straight profits.
A woman is known by the cooks she cannot keep.
Fools invest where angels fear to swim. —*Saturday Night*.

ONE HE'D MISSED

BORROWBY: Let's see—do I owe you anything?
MORROWBY: Not a cent, my boy. Going round paying your little debts?
"No, I was going round seeing if I had overlooked anybody. Lend me five till Saturday, will you?"—*Lippincott's*.



THO' YOU'D TH-INK I'M C-COLD, I'M N-NOT!
I EN-J-JOY THE FR-FRIGID STORM.
WHEN IT'S C-COLD I SHIVER SO M-MUCH—
THE EXERC-C-ISE KEEPS ME W-WARM!

At a dinner of the Lotus Club in New York a few days ago, Dr. Henry Vandyke, of Princeton, took occasion to express his gratification that "the wonderful English language, not a creation of the moment, but a growth of years, could not be reformed as to its spelling or its construction by the single act of any committee or institution."—*Argonaut*.

A MANLY OPPONENT

In a football-match between the Carlisle Indians and Harvard, says a writer in *Outing Magazine*, one of the Indian players suddenly got away with the ball and ran down the field. There was only one of his opponents between him and the goal-posts. If the runner succeeded in getting by him, it meant athletic glory for himself and perhaps a victory for his small college over this mighty institution of learning, containing the flower of the civilization which had swept his forefathers away from the lands they once possessed.

The crowd in the stands had risen, gasping in their excitement, as crowds do at such moments.

But just as he had almost gained the goal-line, that one man, a famous sprinter, brought the runner down with a beautiful tackle. The stands rocked with relief, and the usual "piling up" of other players took place.

As the two lay there together, the fair-haired representative of New England, while still clasping the dark-skinned descendant of American savagery, felt something fumbling, and presently became aware, at the bottom of the heap there, that his right hand was being shaken.

"Good tackle!" muttered the Indian.

NO CRIMINAL could ever get away from "Big Sim" by the cross-country method. He is familiar with every foot of ground in eastern Nevada, and can outtrail a ki-yo-te. As deputy sheriff of Eureka he engaged in several long chases, always with success. His capture of a horsethief known as "Spanish Abe" was the toast of Eureka for many a day. This "Spanish Abe" was a bad actor, who made it a business to appropriate stray cattle and the blooded mares of the neighborhood. With a companion he was finally rounded up and incarcerated in the Eureka jail. The next night, however, the criminals forced the window of their cell and took to the brush, mounted on the fleetest animals they could steal. "Big Sim," hours later, "hit the trail" in pursuit. "Spanish Abe" turned toward Utah and was changing horses along the road. "Big Sim," renewing his mount likewise, and cutting cross-country, gained on the fugitives in the desert. Pursued and pursuer had been riding continuously, and the horses were giving way under the strain. But "Big Sim" kept on, and they say he was well into Utah—near Fillmore, to be specific—when he brought "Spanish Abe" and his companion upon a level with his gun and clapped on the handcuffs.

"You ain't got no right to take us, Sim," the Spaniard whined. "We're in Utah."

"H-e-l-l!" "Big Sim" replied. "I'm no d—d surveyor. Come on!"—*White Pine News*.

LOVE-MAKING PREFERABLE

The *National Co-Operator* declares that "there would be more Rockefellerers in the world if the young men would devote as much time to money-making as they do to love-making." Perhaps; but is anybody clamoring for any more Rockefellerers?—*Omaha Bee*.

REAL ORIGIN OF THE TUXEDO

"They are beginning to wear Tuxedo coats in Texas," says a New York paper. "Beginning" is good! Don't you know, man, that the Tuxedo coat was invented in Texas when a cowboy had the tails shot off his clawhammer coat?—*Denver Republican*.

AT LEAST one man in Georgia is of the opinion that the marital papers must bear the Great Seal of State to make the ceremony binding.

No dinky little license for this man! The kind issued by the ordinary of the county might do for other folk, but not for him. Secretary of State Phil Cook got a jar the other morning when he opened his mail and found this one:

"PITCH PINE RIDGE, GA., Jan. 13, 1907.

"Dear Sir—i Want you to send Me bi return male one marrig lisenze. i got mandy in the Noshun at last, and i Want Them lisenze afore she backs out. if You nowed mandy as wel as i Do you wood hurry, cause plenty of fellers heare air appier her, but thisold buck beet em'awl, and she said she'd hav me last meatin day. if you have got Eny lisenze with purty motters on en send that kind, as i Want mandy to have ther best. Male your bil with the lisenze you Nead not be afeared to trust me because i Have got a hundred akers of land on ther ridg, and Old beck, as good a mule as eny man ever puled ther bel coard over.

Yours Respectful, BILL JONES."

It grieved Colonel Cook to delay the nuptials, but stern fealty to duty compelled him to write "Bill" that Georgia did not issue the necessary documents under the Great Seal of State.—*Atlanta Georgian*.

A WING-SHOT

There had been many speakers, the hour waxed late, people were tired, and the diners were one by one quietly pushing back their chairs and leaving the hall, when Mr. Elder was called upon to respond to a toast.

He rose, and looking around the large hall, remarked that the present circumstances reminded him of the story told of a Methodist minister. The reverend gentleman was officiating in a strange parish, and when he rose to deliver his sermon the congregation began stealing out one by one. Stopping in his delivery of his text, he remarked quietly:

"Well, I have all my life been a traveling clergyman, but never before have I preached to a traveling congregation!"

Mr. Elder's palpable "hit" brought down the house, and the migration ceased until the close of his brilliant remarks.—*Boston Herald*.

"How come de ol' deacon sings 'Heaven Is My Home' ever' time he see de collection hat gwine roun'?"

"Dat's ter put 'um on notice dat he out er de jurisdiction er dat hat!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

LIFE is published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Breams Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS. Saarbach's News Exchange, 1, New Coventry Street, Leicester Square, W., London; Saarbach's

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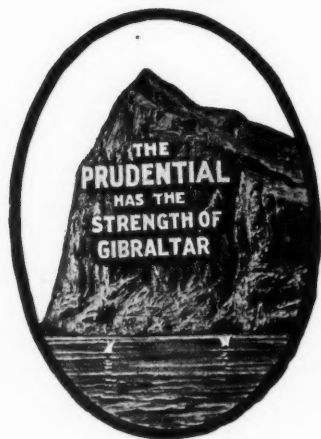
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7. For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.—*Aaron Hill.*
- \$250** will be paid for the best illustration of
8. None but the brave deserves the fair.—*Dryden.*
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9. But ne'er the rose without the thorn.—*Herrick.*
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10. But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.—*Moore.*
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11. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.—*Pope.*
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12. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—*Tennyson.*

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and must be received not later than July first, 1907. The awards will be made immediately after that date.

The illustrations may be made in any medium—line, wash, oils or color—although it should be borne in mind that they are to be reproduced in black-and-white; and they should also be of a size suitable for reduction to about thirteen inches wide by eight inches high.

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EASY

One of the professors of Brown University was explaining to his class in political science how the United States looked after the welfare of its citizens who traveled in foreign countries. He was speaking of the duties of the United States Ministers in foreign countries and was also speaking of the use of the passport. "Let us take a concrete example," he said. "Supposing you were going from New York to Russia. Upon leaving New York you would be given a passport which would give a minute description of you, the color of your eyes, shape of your nose, whether you were clean-shaven or not, etc. We will say that when you started you were clean-shaven, but on the voyage you decided to grow a beard, and when you reached Russia your beard had grown so that the officers failed to recognize you by your passport. And to go further, suppose they arrested you as a suspicious character, possibly as an anarchist. What would you do then?"

"Shave," was the prompt response of a bright student.—*Ridgway's*.

For the Nursery—For the Table

For all ages, in all climates, under all conditions, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk fill every milk or cream requirement. Superior for ice cream.

COLOR AND LIGHT

The peculiar simplicity of the country dandy in the South is illustrated by a story told by Representative John Sharp Williams.

An old negro had gone to a post-office in Mississippi and offered for the mail a letter that was over the weight specified for a single weight.

"This is too heavy," said the postmaster. "You will have to put another stamp on it."

The old dandy's eyes widened in astonishment. "Will another stamp make it any lighter, boss?" he asked.—*Harper's Weekly*.

When a French newspaper throws off a bit of American or English slang with easy familiarity the effect is quite sporty—to French readers. One of them speaks of a sleeping-car as "un sleeping," another of a smoking-jacket as "un smoking"; but a Sunday sporting paper published on the Riviera easily excels in this line by telling a story of a fair young American, "daughter of a cowboy of the West End."—*Troy Times*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

FAINT-HEARTED MODERN LOVERS

The average modern young man cares only for "tame rabbit courting." He labors under some new-fangled delusion that it is undignified to woo unless you're more than half sure of winning. Naturally, the sport is dull both to pursuer and pursued. The dainty art of courtship is nearly forgotten.—*Woman at Home*.

REPRESENTATIVE MANN, of Illinois, is absent-minded—so much so that it bothers him a great deal.

"I can't explain it," he told Representative Boutelle, "but it worries me a great deal."

"Oh, you're not absent-minded," Boutelle said. "An absent-minded man is one who thinks he has left his watch at home and then pulls it out of his pocket to see if he has time enough to go home and get it."—*World*.

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The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

MEETING THE EMERGENCY

A strenuous Executive had heard murmurs that he was running the country according to an "unwritten Constitution."

"Write a note to these kickers," he instructed his secretary, "and tell them that if they object to an 'unwritten Constitution' I'll write it out for them, and add that my aim is to please."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

AN IRISHMAN was arraigned before a police court judge on a charge of assault and battery.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk, when he finished reading the charge, to which the prisoner replied:

"How the devil can I tell until I hear the evidence?"—*Green Bag*.

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A CONTRIBUTOR to one of the February magazines dwells on the urgent need of "A Black-List Bureau" that shall enable editors to keep informed of the dishonest manuscript peddlers who so often endeavor to palm off the published literary productions of other writers, and who sometimes offer as new a story or poem original with them, but which was printed years before and perhaps forgotten by every one but the author of it. This contributor further suggests that if no other medium be found as a check to such imposition, he himself is willing to act in the capacity of a clearing-house for suspected contributions, and calls upon the editorial fraternity to get together to suppress the nuisance.

It happens that the magazine which prints his article does not belong to the Periodical Publishers' Association, else its editors would be aware that such a bureau already exists, under the direction of that body, and that it recently selected as the head of its editorial committee a man who has won a wide reputation as a prodder of the morally delinquent. Only the other day the Gossip saw a letter emanating from this association. It was pertinent and personal, and embraced such scandalous specifications of attempted fraud by writers not altogether unknown that the Gossip was asked to forget its contents. With this he has, of course, complied, and limits himself to a recital of the foregoing facts, as requested by a leading publisher.

All magazine editors are familiar with such frauds, and are seldom tripped up, though their occasional lapses in omniscience are too startling to be recorded here. As a rule they are fairly well-informed men in things pertinent to literature, and must not be confused with mere newspaper editors, such as the editor of the Boston —. That honest but too hasty molder of public opinion has been known to transfer to his own editorial pages a poem signed "Percy Bysshe Shelley," with due credit made complete by the additional line, "in the New York *Evening Mail*." Could the irony of stern integrity go further?

Mr. Edward W. Bok, by the way, has just told a reporter, apropos of the editorial scrutiny afforded the manuscript offerings of the humble: "Not long ago somebody sent me an excellent poem; but I happen to be pretty well acquainted with the writings of Eugene Field, and I recognized it, and sent it back saying that I had recognized it."

Now, that was a characteristic attempt at fraud, though a rather clumsy one. Still, all editors are not like Mr. Bok, and cannot so completely trust to their memory of such matters. One of the magazines in the first rank has been known to request

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First Prize, \$1000; Second and Third, \$500 each; Fourth, \$300; Fifth, \$200; Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes, \$100 each. Stories not winning prizes will either be purchased, or returned to authors if postage is enclosed. Competition closes May 31, 1907.

THE KIND OF STORIES WE WANT: Short, sparkling stories full of the *CIRCLE* spirit, and in harmony with the *CIRCLE* plan. Stories with romance, adventure, humor and pathos, but not with tragedy, wickedness or scandal. Love being the deepest and most universal experience of the human heart, as well as the greatest force in the world, is by no means barred from *CIRCLE* stories. It should be remembered, however, that love finds its loftiest expression in many other ways than the courting of woman by man. Stories of achievement in the world; stories of home life; stories of childhood and old age; stories of delicate sentiment and appreciation of the beautiful; stories that will make the heart grow warmer and the eyes brighter, that will inspire noble endeavor and add new joy and hope to the lives of those who read. Stories with a purpose, conveying and enforcing wholesome truths that may influence life and conduct, are desired; but these truths should be presented only in the development of the plot, not by the sermonizing of the author. The competition is not limited, however, to serious stories. On the contrary, pure entertainment and amusement have their proper place in the *CIRCLE* plan.

THE JUDGES: Francis W. Halsey, for six years editor of the *Times* Saturday Review of Books; William Seaver Woods, editor of *The Literary Digest*; Eugene Thwing, editor of *THE CIRCLE*.

Full particulars and details in the February number of *THE CIRCLE*.

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references of an unknown contributor who submitted a story that was eventually accepted and published by the editor making the request. But this magazine once printed a tale that turned out to be a transfer from a classic; and so the precaution was not astonishing.

THE taste of New Yorkers for the higher forms of the drama may be open to question; their music madness has not reached the pitch where so-called musical comedy is taboo. But when it comes to literary discernment, the population of upper Manhattan, at least, is beyond cavil. This conclusion is reached because of the singular nature of the books that adorn the list of "best-sellers" in the up-town section during the past month. It is noted that "Thalassa" leads all the rest, and that Train's (assuredly not a misprint for Twain's) "Benvenuto Cellini" is eagerly sought for, though it sells for \$6—enough money for a riotous course in ephemeral fiction. "Cellini" is becoming almost popular since he was "discovered" some time ago by a member of the national Congress—an appreciation immediately seized upon and disseminated by *The Sun*; but whoever would have thought that a book with such a title as "Thalassa" would induce a demand considerably in excess of that for "The Fighting Chance," for instance? Is the average upper-Gothamite's love of the sea equalled only by his knowledge of Greek? Irresistibly impelled to this assumption, the temptation comes to repeat a brief incident in "Xenophon," as revised a good many years ago by a forgotten humorist:

And when the Ten Thousand got sight of the sea they rushed forward madly, shouting, "Thalassa!" All but Xenophon, who, calmly folding his arms, merely remarked, "Or Thalatta." Either is correct.

EDGAR JEPSON, the author of "Tinker Two," is apparently the possessor of a personality. It has made a deep impression on the Irish humorist, Louis McGuilland, who, after some thought, produces this picture for the gaze of posterity:

This vivacious novelist is a Balliol man. He is the only Balliol man I have ever met who was not intolerant and intolerable. Leaving Balliol, Mr. Jepson went to the West Indies, and he has many interesting reminiscences of the manners and customs of the native insects, which are numerous and varied. In appearance Mr. Jepson suggests a cross between a subtle Florentine of the Renaissance and an accomplished panther. His voice gives one a vocalized impression of a very exquisite acid used for etching purposes. In the course of a discussion I have occasionally heard him direct a few carefully chosen and evenly modulated words at an opponent. His victims invariably wear the slightly pained impression of people who have been inadvertently sprinkled with oil of vitriol.

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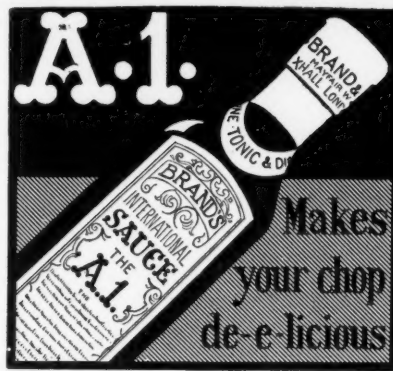


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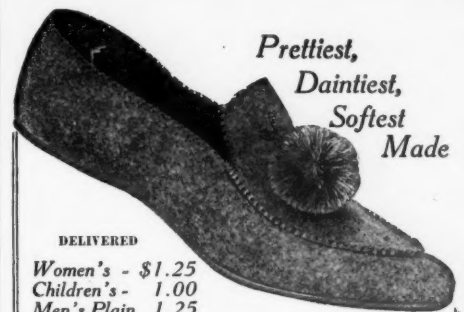


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In Their Own Coin

ONE day two ladies hired a cab and paid the driver his dollar for their ride with the following coins: a twenty-five-cent piece, three dimes, five five-cent pieces, a three-cent piece, two two-cent pieces and thirteen pennies.

After looking at the miscellany for a moment, the driver smiled broadly and asked whimsically, "Well, well, now, and how long have you been saving up for this nice little treat to-day?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

SECRETARY ROOT relates the following queer case of legal jurisprudence that was told him by a Turkish diplomat:

It appears that a mechanic fell from a roof into the street upon a wealthy old Turk and killed him. The son of the deceased caused the arrest of the workman, who was uninjured, and had him taken before the cad, with whom he used all his influence to have the prisoner condemned.

But the man's innocence was clearly established and nothing could satisfy the dead man's son save the law of retaliation. Thereupon the venerable cad gravely directed that the workman be placed upon the exact spot where the victim of the accident had stood. When this was done the cad turned to the son and said:

"Now, you may go to the roof of the house and fall down upon this man and kill him if you can."
—*Utica Observer*.

Unpopular Books

TWINS, or Too Many by Half.

Bachelor's-Buttons, or Lost in the Wash.
All in a Garden Fair, or Adam and Eve.
Happy Days, or When We Were Single.
A Crying Evil, or My Neighbor's Baby.
Memoirs of an Old Maid, or a Miss Spent Life.
A Bolt from the Blue, or Outrunning the Cop.
Crossing the Amazon, or Firing the Cook.
His Three Wives, or Trebly D—d.—*News*.

On the Banks of the Thames

JUST above Windsor was moored for years a houseboat belonging to Lady V., who is a life-long friend of Richard Mansfield. Her son is in America, and called on the distinguished actor the other day. Mr. Mansfield's second inquiry was after the houseboat, where he had passed so many enjoyable days.

"Oh, mother wearied of the water," explained the young Englishman, "though she loves the old houseboat. So she had piles driven in the bank and raised the house on them, and there it stands high and dry and comfortable."

"What does she call it?" queried Mr. Mansfield, unblushingly. "The houseboat on the sticks?"—*Independent*.

GOVERNOR HUGHES maintains with consistent regularity his singular notion that the function of a governor is to govern.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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The Balance of Power

By ARTHUR GOODRICH

IT IS seldom, indeed, that you will meet in the midst of a charming love-story, and in the midst, as well, of a vital, dramatic narrative of brisk, struggling modern American life, such deliciously humorous characters as the old Colonel, Peter Lumpkin, Messrs. Tubb and Butterson, the rival grocers, Jimmy O'Rourke, Miss Snifkins and the others in "The Balance of Power."



"The old Colonel, whose amusing sayings are the equal of much that Mr. Dooley ever put forth."

—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

"A huge sense of humor which of itself lends a decided quality to his writing."—*Louisville Times*.

"The reader of 'The Balance of Power' is first won to attention and praise by the wit of the book."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

"The go-ahead spirit breathes out of every page, and in revealing this the author has not overlooked its abiding sense of humor."

—*New York Press*.

"Possesses a cheerfulness and charm at once exhilarating and contagious."

—*St. Louis Republic*.

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"The Mills of the Gods"

THE average manuscript reader is a sad-eyed, morbid person and cynically inclined. Like the warden of a jail or a lunatic asylum, he acquires a perverted idea of the average of human intelligence, and grows to believe that about everything is rotten in the state of Denmark.

There is, of course, the reward of an occasional golden grain in the tons of chaff; and, too, there is now and then some offering so gloriously bad as to pierce the gloom of dull mediocrity and force tears of joy from the weary eyes of him who sits in judgment.

A society novel recently offered a New York publisher contained a wonderful description of a house-party, and the author gravely stated that the guests "partly stood and partly sat!" which gives one a delightful mental picture of what is decidedly new in society poses.

For sheer ineptitude, however, the palm must be awarded to a would-be author whose heroine is provided with this rather startling first entrance: "Ethel advanced quickly, her head held haughtily aloft." Whether, Salome-like, she carried it on a platter, the writer does not state.

One sees traces of the influence of Laura Jean Libbey in the (as far as we know) still unpublished love-story of a sprightly heroine named Lucy. Lucy was of the languishing, sigh-heaving type, so popular with large circles of readers. There were many pretty touches in the book, but for fine fancy and poetic expression there was nothing to equal the passage setting forth that "Lucy leaned her face against the grate, which left a cold plaid pattern on her cheek!"

But not even the flinty-hearted reader could laugh over the school-girl effusion tied with pink ribbon which contained a violet-scented note and the following piteous appeal:

"Dear Unknown Reader.—I give you one rose thought for remembrance. You are my first, perhaps my only critic. Oh, be kind to me!"

Not without its pathos was the visit to a publishing-house of a little old lady from the South with a book of sentimental poems under her arm. For a frontispiece she had cheerfully chosen a photograph of her father's tombstone. When the book was gently declined, she tremulously offered to withdraw the tombstone; and when even that concession seemed to be of no avail, she took her book and went away dazed with unexpected defeat.

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Established 1842.



PASADENA, CAL.

Dear Life—In your issue of December 20 there occurs on page 770 a poem called "Myself and Me." Judging from the little item which precedes it, I thought you might care to give the author the credit which is his due. I regret being unable to send the newspaper clipping from which I gained my information, but it is, unfortunately, pasted in an album. It reads as follows:

"That George Cohan views life from its serious as well as its comical side has been the conclusion of many of the patrons of 'Little Johnny Jones' after hearing 'Life Is a Funny Proposition After All,' which the clever playwright-composer-comedian half-recites, half-sings in the last act. There is shown a keen understanding of an earnest philosophy of life in the two stanzas of that song, and the effect on the audience is a sobering one. A similar bit of verse was composed recently by Mr. Cohan while sitting one day in the office of the Illinois theatre. He is an indefatigable worker, and having just finished his musical comedy for Fay Templeton's use, he was idle, for it was not until the next day that he began work on 'George Washington, Jr.,' which is to be the new piece in which he himself is to star late next season. It was during this 'off day' that he penned the following poem, entitled 'Myself and Me.'"

The poem is exactly as published by you. I take it for granted that the writer of the above "knew whereof he affirmed."

Sincerely yours,

Jan. 13, 1907.

ELAINE M. DENNIS.

IN REPLY to a letter from an American, recently, asking for information about herself, Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, whose novel, "The Sovereign Remedy," has just been brought out, wrote as follows: "I have been married, I have borne children, I have two grandsons; I have therefore lived through the life allotted to woman and the only novelty before me is death."

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